

THE LEISURE HOUR

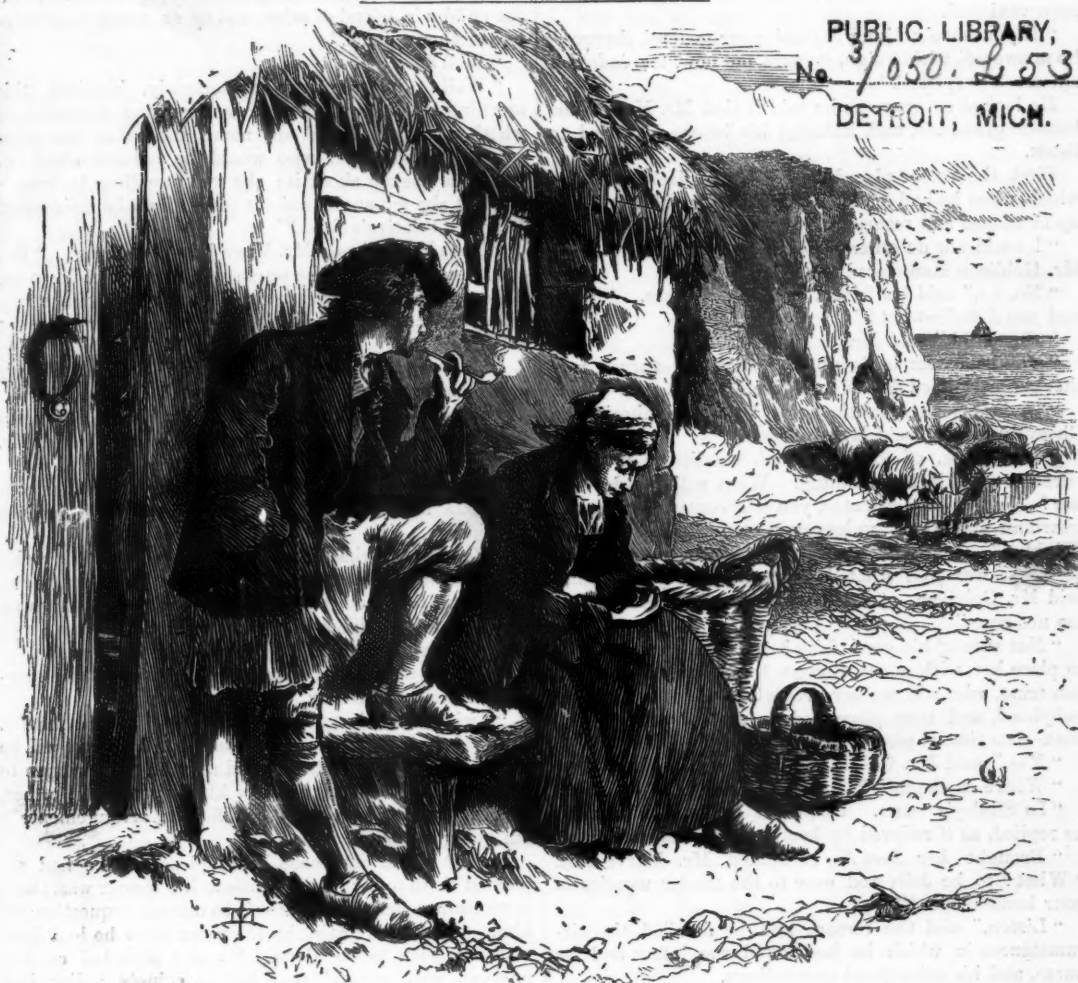
A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.

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PETER'S PROPOSAL.

THE HEIRESS OF CHEEVELY DALE.

CHAPTER IV.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Ah, Marveldine!" exclaimed the rector of Balla, as a square-headed man with bushy gray hair entered his study on the Monday morning after his return home; "I never wanted you more; shut the door, sit down; I am in sad perplexity!"

A smile, such as that with which we survey the groundless anxiety of an infant under fancied danger, irradiated the broad, sallow face of the welcome friend, while he closed the door and seated himself at the table.

"What now?" he inquired. "Have you been enlightened during your absence as to some of the doings of our Balla worthies?"

"No, oh no!" answered the rector, looking up anxiously; "why? nothing has gone wrong, I hope?"

"Hope is a strong element in your composition," replied Mr. Marveldine, laughing.

"It is well it is so; there is enough to vex that forces itself on our sight; nothing but a strong hope that what lies under is of a better kind could sustain one of my character," said the rector, with a sigh.

"Very well put; but I am still of my old opinion—"

C

PRICE ONE PENNY.

to look the truth in the face, however ugly it may be, is wiser than to walk with closed eyes till you stumble over it," said his companion.

"Don't—don't agitate me. Is there anything unpleasant for me to hear?" asked the rector, with pained seriousness.

"Is there! why, when did I ever come to you without having something unpleasant to tell? Is not the whole parish infested with thieves? Is not your own house a harbour for them? and are not you, the rector, who preached to us yesterday on the beauty of peace, the tacit patron of wrong and robbery?"

All this being accompanied with a smile, drew forth another from Mr. Goldison; but it was a faint one, and soon vanished.

"If you have nothing beyond your general charges," he answered, with a sigh, "spare me now, for indeed I am much perplexed."

He looked so grave as he said it that Mr. Marveldine became grave too, and, knitting his brows, prepared to listen.

First the rector placed in his hands Helen's letter, which, when he had read it, Mr. Marveldine slowly folded up in silence and returned.

"I could not do otherwise than go to see—if yet—" Mr. Goldison stammered out.

"No, no," said his friend, averting his face. "Well, and you found—what?"

"Her child," said Mr. Goldison.

"May its career be brighter than its ill-starred mother's!" exclaimed Mr. Marveldine.

"Under certain conditions you know she inherits the Cheevely estate," said Mr. Goldison.

"Good: yes, of course; which conditions must be borne in mind in her training. What will you do with her? For, as sole executor, you will constitute yourself guardian doubtless, unless you commit her to Mr. Winkler."

"That was just what I wanted to ask you about," said Mr. Goldison. "I thought of the Winklers; but am not sure."

"Not sure of his good faith? then I recommend you to place her with some discreet female friend that you can trust, who will see her properly carried through her babyhood, and then place her in a good school; and then—but that is plenty to do at first."

"Yes," said Mr. Goldison, hesitating.

"Where is she now?" asked his friend.

"In Slipley's room. I brought her back with me," he replied, as if relieved by having made the confession.

"Brought her here!" exclaimed Mr. Marveldine. "What? to be delivered over to the tender mercies of your housekeeper?"

"Listen," said the rector; and he detailed the circumstances in which he had found the infant and its nurse, and his subsequent proceedings.

"Good—so far as having introduced a new element into your household goes—very good; but be sure of this: Mrs. Slipley will find reasons why it must be withdrawn."

"You will never believe any good of that woman," said the rector. "I was doubtful myself as to whether she would like the addition to the family; for, as she says, her hands are full already: but she has taken it in the kindest way possible. She says she never saw a sweeter infant, and is charmed with the honest simplicity of the nurse."

"You are a sweeter infant, friend Goldison, and she thinks so; however, if she is so in love with them, what anxiety are you in about the matter? A good nurse is

the all-important concern just now, and that you have secured," answered Mr. Marveldine.

"True—yes—but Slipley suggested, quite accidentally, this morning, something that has unsettled my mind with respect to their stopping here."

"Hoh, hoh! no doubt," said Mr. Marveldine, laughing, and rubbing his hands. "She might have given them a week's rest, but she is a good manager; she doesn't want the thin end of the wedge in. Well, what is it?"

"Why, the name—it is awkward. If the provisions that secure Cheevely to her are carried out, it is needful, as you know, to keep her name a secret; therefore I charged the nurse to tell nothing, except that she was the child of a friend of mine, and by no means to divulge her mother's name."

"Well?"

"Well, Slipley, rather mysteriously, inquired this morning if I had objected to her knowing the name, or whether the child had any name, and what she must say to parishioners, who would be curious about it, when they asked about it; she was unwilling to trouble me, but she felt anxious about what might be insinuated. Was it a relative's child?"

"The old fox!" said Mr. Marveldine, laughing. "But cut it short; pay off the nurse and send the child to us. An extra one, where there are eleven, won't make any difference, and while she is a minor let her pass for a Marveldine."

"Will you really take charge of her? You know I have command over her future inheritance."

"Good: I keep my Quixotism for those that need it; I will be paid for all I do in this case," said Mr. Marveldine.

Light was his friend's heart when he was left to congratulate himself on his delivery from so difficult a position.

"He may say what he likes of Slipley, but she is right. It would have a strange appearance for me to bring and keep a child without a name in my house. As she says, it can make no difference to her, since the nurse will wait on herself and the baby: it is purely on my account;" and with an air of relief the rector rang the bell that summoned the housekeeper.

"I wish to see the good nurse, Slipley," he said blandly. "Mr. Marveldine will send for the baby; its name will be to every one 'Marveldine'; and ask the good woman to come here. I will tell her how kindly you spoke of her, and explain to her my reasons for the arrangements I am going to make."

Slipley would have been better pleased if he had explained them to her; but, gentle as her master was, there were times when it was unsafe to intrude a question on him, or even to remain in the room after he had intimated a wish to be alone. So she departed on her mission, well pleased that her morning's policy had taken effect, and that she should be so speedily delivered from the company of a spy and an intruder.

Nurse hadn't seen so pleasant a face since she had left her old quarters as the housekeeper exhibited when she ushered her into the study.

CHAPTER V.—MRS. SLIPLEY'S HEART AT EASE.

MORE serene than he had been for many days—indeed, from that day when he was invested with the unwelcome dignity of executor—was the rector of Balla, as he sat in his pleasant study, now sipping his noonday chocolate, now gazing on the sea, between the rectory and whose broad expanse lay the bright green turf of a small headland that faced Little Balla and overlooked the bay. An

open volume lay beside him, but the grand volume of creation fascinated him, or his mind was preoccupied, for he allowed the breeze, that gently fluttered among the light curtains at the unclosed window, to turn the pages over as if mocking his neglect.

His mind was preoccupied, and very pleasantly—that calm blue sky, that placid breadth of waters, which reflected a blue as pure, were emblems of the serenity that reigned within him; and thoughts bright and restful passed through his mind, imaged by the glistening sails of the far-off vessels that scarcely moved along the unruffled deep.

"What a kind friend I have in Marveldine!"—thus he meditated. "How could I have been so indiscreet as to commit myself to so heavy a responsibility? but, by his help, I have escaped the consequences of my thoughtlessness; and I shall often see the infant. Poor Helen! I would not fail in faithfulness to your memory."

And a pensive expression shaded his handsome features, but it was no more, and lasted no longer than the shadow that a passing cloud cast on the shining sea as it flitted across the sun. The sorrows of past memories were mere shadows, compared with the advantages of the present, which were solid, substantial, good.

The day before had been one of distress to him, because one of business. Nurse had been despatched under a most liberal arrangement, and an exacted promise never to fail to apply to Balla if she should want a friend; her word meanwhile being pledged not to reveal the connection between herself and her infant charge, nor to furnish information to any one respecting its birth or the history of its parents.

Mr. Marveldine's immediate reception of the infant made the report, that it was a relative of his that Mr. Goldison had taken charge of for him, appear probable. Even Mrs. Slipley seemed satisfied, though she was so truly on one ground only—that of parting company with the intruders. To conceal the whole case from one so accustomed to deceive, a thicker veil was needed than any her master could weave. She had tried wheedling, insinuating, and cross-questioning on nurse, but without success; the impression her ungracious reception had produced had made her impervious, nothing went in.

"You didn't expect to be turned off quite so soon?" said the housekeeper, as the good woman was replacing her newly-acquired wardrobe in the box that had brought it to Balla.

"May be I did, and may be I didn't," replied nurse.

"You didn't settle down so quietly to move again in a day," retorted Mrs. Slipley.

"It was my own fault if I didn't see it the first night," said the nurse.

Mrs. Slipley, concluding that she referred to her inhospitable behaviour, replied to the charge with some warmth, declaring that it wasn't her way to treat acquaintances like old friends.

"You! What had you to do with my going or staying?" asked nurse, with contemptuous independence; "d'ye think I looked into your face to know what was to happen? No, no. When I come a visiting to you it'll be time to care for your likings. I saw it where I saw more besides."

The tone of significance in which these words were uttered imposed on the housekeeper and made her overlook the contempt cast on her in them. She was exceedingly superstitious, notwithstanding her acuteness and long-headedness. She looked silently for an explanation.

"Tisn't everybody can read my book," the nurse

said, continuing to fold and place the things, feeling flattered meanwhile at the effect she had produced.

"What's it called?" half whispered the housekeeper, with a respect she had not shown before.

"That's my book," said nurse, pointing to the fire; "and you mind. I've seen things come to pass over and over again according to it."

"Ah, some people do think much of it, I know," said the housekeeper. "And what was it you saw the first night?"

"Why, didn't it burn all of one side? What was that but a parting?"

"Ah, to be sure. I've heard that; but then it wasn't bound to be you that was to go."

"It was, though," said nurse, authoritatively. "I was in the fire on the top of a bright road, with my box, and there I saw my own house and the sea beyond it."

"Oh, then you live by the sea?" asked Mrs. Slipley, with imprudent haste.

Nurse perceived the slip she had made, and replied, "May be I don't, and may be I do; that says nothing. I was very content to be on my journey, and more because I didn't see much good for some I left behind."

"Me do you mean?" asked the housekeeper, seriously.

"It looked like you, but there was more besides. They all seemed to hang to you, and quite of a sudden a black coal came toppling through the fire from a long way off, and knocked you all down to the bottom."

"It's more likely to be master you saw, for of course we all hang to him," said the housekeeper, seriously.

"No, no. I know a man from a woman as well in the fire as out of it. He was standing high up above you all, and the flame you all made going down made him shine like the sun."

"Any fish to-day?" inquired a harsh voice that startled both the fire scholars.

"What brings you in the inner kitchen?" asked the housekeeper, sharply. "Do I ever have your basket brought in here?"

"I knocked and knocked," said the same voice, huskily. "I must go farther betimes if you don't take my fish."

The housekeeper hastily overlooked the basket, while nurse gazed curiously at the figure beside it.

It was a woman dressed in the check shirt and rough coat of a seaman. A glazed hat on her head did not confine her grizzled locks, which fell on her shoulders. An old sail-cloth was fastened round her middle, as a skirt, and huge fishing-boots finished her attire.

But nurse had seen too many strange figures in her time on her own coast to be much struck by this grotesque costume. She was more taken up with the face before her, which was not indeed a common one.

It had more than one dark scar on it; the eyes were dark, and she thought very evil-looking. Certainly they were full of fire, which now was quelled for the time. The other features were masculine, and the complexion was even more bronzed than an exposed life might account for.

While the housekeeper threw aside one fish after another, she stood surveying her, apparently with entire indifference. One arm stuck a-kimbo, the hand of the other spread upon the wall. *Such a hand.* Nurse thought it must be a man's.

"Did ye ever see?" cried the housekeeper, angrily, as she pointed out the five huge spots and broad black rim that it left upon the wall when its owner had departed. "And here! and here!" she said, as the traces of her boots stood out on the clean floor. "I've

told her again and again never to come into this room, but she gets daring." The last words were mumbled rather than said.

"Is it a woman and not a man?" asked the nurse.

"I think you wouldn't know which, in the fire or out of the fire," said the housekeeper, with a half-angry sneer at nurse's predictions, which she had not forgotten.

"Well, no," said nurse. "She looked more like the black coal that came down and broke you all. I couldn't tell if that was a man or a woman; and I thought of it while I was puzzling myself about her."

Although nurse spoke only in defence of her favourite science, not aiming at any definite interpretation to her words, they seemed to convey one to Mrs. Slipley, who in some haste replied—

"I hope I may never have a worse enemy. I may do her a turn for good in taking her fish, but how can she hurt me?"

"That's more than I can say," replied nurse. "And besides, she *mightn't* be the black coal, and it *mightn't* be you that I saw, only some one in this place."

"Oh, no; of course not," said the housekeeper, somewhat relieved.

"Is she a bad character? She looks very vicious," said nurse.

"Oh, no. She's peaceable enough. Not over-particular good, but nothing worse than others much," replied the housekeeper.

"I wouldn't meet her alone, if I wasn't quite friendly with her," said nurse, thinking of her hand on the wall.

"I believe she's quiet enough—if she's not set up—but it's better to be civil with her, I know."

"What is her name?" asked the nurse.

"She goes by the name of Mother Carey among the Balla folks, but we always call her Nancy," said the housekeeper.

The time was hastening on for nurse's departure, and the conversation closed. Gladly leaving her charge in such happy keeping, she parted from it with sorrow as unfeigned as was her satisfaction at bidding farewell to the housekeeper.

CHAPTER VI.—NANCY CAREY.

Of all the lawless crew that infested Balla, not one could be compared with "Black Wilson," unless his wife were looked on as apart from him, seeing she presented a reflection of him as faithful as face answering to face in the brightest mirror. As long as they lived they had been the terror of the neighbourhood, and held a powerful sway over their own evil associates. What was there that they had not done among dark and violent deeds? What that they would not have done if covetousness or revenge invited them?

They had one child, who fared no better at their hands than the world at large did. Her existence was a daily miracle, for beating, starving, and exposure to danger of all kinds were the prominent features of her experience. When they were away on their lawless work of plunder, she was left to the charity of neighbours for bread, until she became old enough to gather for herself shell-fish on the beach and among the rocky caves, or rob the nests of the Kitty Wake on the high and almost inaccessible cliffs. Often would the pains of hunger force her to imperil her life in this latter pursuit. Clinging to the surface with the tenacity of a limpet, she would scale the perpendicular rocks, treading securely on the narrow, slippery ledges, and grasping with her horny little hands the sharp fragmentary points, which helped her on. How she slid and scrambled

down, with her scanty garment filled with her fragile prize, which she was more careful to secure from danger than her own person, was marvellous. But she inherited the daring of her parents, and not only became inured to the danger, but learnt to delight in it.

She became expert as a saleswoman, too. She would proudly carry her merchandise to Big Balla, and, though some would bid her "be gone for a smuggler's brat," others more pitiful would buy of her, and add a choicer morsel to the oat cake or barley bread they gave her in exchange. Little Nancy learnt to know her friends from her foes, and, young as she was, became quickly rooted in her attachment to the former, and implacable in her hatred of the latter.

Of her parents she knew nothing, except that when away they left her to starve, when at home they were maddened by drink, and vented their fury on her unless she escaped them. Was it any wonder that when in an unsuccessful expedition they paid the penalty of their daring, and were brought home to die of their wounds, she shrunk from the hut that held them, and rejoiced in her freedom when she heard that they were dead? Those to whom their violence and skill in their pursuit were beneficial were sorry to lose the strong hand and the heart that knew no fear; but there was with them also the feeling that they were delivered from an enemy as uncontrollable, and, when enraged, as deadly as the sea they trafficked on.

The scorn with which Nancy was saluted as "a smuggler's brat," added to the horrors of the death of her parents and the misery of her life while under subjection to them, gave her no liking to the calling of those among whom she dwelt. *Fishermen* they were said to be, smugglers they were, and she had too much reason to know it. She resolved never to ally herself in any way with them, never to justify the charge of being one herself. She was inured to poverty always, to want often; she didn't need much to furnish a livelihood; for that she could work, in collecting sea-weed, and in selling fish either of her own procuring, or for the women of the bay.

What few personal attractions nature had adorned her with, her rugged life had sadly marred. Even in the years when most young women look best, she had borne an appearance so masculine and grim-looking that, although the men of Balla were not fastidious, she obtained no homage from them, not one solicitation to break her resolve and become a smuggler's wife. Perhaps her avoidance of them provoked their neglect, but certain it was that nineteen summers had passed over her head and she was still Nancy Wilson. The wonder was, that, disliking the society around her, and having no social tie, she should have remained there; but this arose from the power of early associations.

Often in the days of her childhood, when wearied with her work, she had seated herself to rest on the towering cliff-head, and soon forgetting weariness, had remained there for pure delight. How spirit-stirring it was when the sea was set in full wind and tide against the shore, drifting before it the broken spray; while a cloud of divers, in the fulness of enjoyment, were busy for their prey, dashing along the surface, darting under it, bouncing up again and bearing through the ridge, the waves breaking in foam under or over them, so that, it not dashed to atoms, they seemed inevitably buried for ever in the deep; but up they would spring again to the smooth face of the unbroken waters farther off from land. As she sat and watched them, every care and thought of sorrow vanished. How good to be one of that joyous company. Every crevice in the rocks she was familiar

with. Where the tide filled suddenly the smooth sanded floors of some of the caverns, where it was safe, and where dangerous to linger, she knew it all; she could climb as high as the sea-birds could build, she laughed at their hiding, her hand defied their cunning. She knew little of words, she could not have framed her pleasurable feelings into speech, not even to herself could she shape them, but the light, bright breath she breathed on those cliffs, the delight to her eyes of the measureless sea, bound her heart fast to Balla. More than once she had meditated trying another kind of life; but the cliffs covered with velvet turf and bordered with thrift, bed-straw, and other seaside plants, while the smooth sand on the bay was unmoved by the ripple of the gentle waves, her free power to wander among her old haunts, ever new and ever growing dearer, put to flight the thought of leaving the place, and she remained.

In her nineteenth year a young fisherman called Carey, who had never joined *con amore* with the smugglers, took it into his head that she would make a good wife. She was hard working when she liked it, and she was sober—the latter of the two was a very important distinction between her and the other women of the bay, who were drinkers invariably; moreover, she was no talker, and Peter Carey, being one who disapproved of contradiction, was most favourably impressed by this trait.

When first he proposed to her, she was inclined to refuse him. She was returning from a search for eggs, it being the season, and found Peter smoking in front of her hut. He invited her to sit beside him, and asked to see the game. In very few and plain words he then opened his mind, quietly replacing his pipe in his mouth when he had finished.

Nancy demurred; she would have nought to do "with the trade," as the smuggling was called.

Peter replied tranquilly he was of the same way of thinking.

It did not want much persuasion after this; he spoke kindly to her, talked of their living tidy, promised to be good to her, and pointed out the advantages that would arise from the match. And a short time after she became Nancy Carey.

Peter kept his word, he didn't join the trade, and in his opinion he was good to her; he didn't like work, therefore he made her do all that he wasn't obliged to do, and that was at times too much for her strength; but she was safe under his protection, she shared his home and his comforts.

The thought would cross her mind when she was cleaning the boat and preparing it for a night's sail, that she had sold much of her liberty at a low price, but she never uttered such a thought. After all, he didn't beat her, he didn't starve her; there was the same sky above, the same sea beneath, that had rejoiced her heart in her desolate childhood; around her were those halls of freedom where she had so often hidden to escape the violence of her parents, the caves in the rocks, and that beautiful bay, where, if all her misery had had its birth in it, all the sunshine of her life had also arisen; so she was content.

But during her wedded life she went no further than content, and when Peter left her a widow with one infant, a few years after their marriage, she was by no means deeply affected by his loss. Her affections had never been called out by any tenderness on his part, it had been a convenient compact on both sides.

Yet she had strong affections, and her child was a happy vent for them—the first being who had ever loved her, who had taught her to love. Less during Peter's life than afterwards, when there was nothing of a wife's

duty to interfere with a mother's devotion, did this devotion show itself. Toil and privation had never been counted much to bear, but now they were sweet and easy, since their fruit was the maintenance of her little Nanny, whose fondlings would draw tears of delight from those eyes that the severest suffering had never dimmed with sorrow.

FEMALE DRESS.

I.—TASTE.

It is an old maxim—one to which the wisdom of our ancestors is committed—that "there can be no dispute about tastes." That motto, however, is fallen into disuse, partly, perhaps, because inexorable experience shows that tastes are generally the very things which people dispute about more than others; indeed, if the crowd of petty squabbles which ruffle society could be analysed, we should probably find that a large majority of them arose concerning mere sentiments and opinions. Thus we have a modern saying which goes nearer to the mark, inasmuch as it declares that "there is no accounting for tastes." At any rate, they are so various, and so dependent upon the natural perception and educated powers of different individuals, to say nothing about the influence of the society in which each several person moves, that no serious misunderstanding should ever arise in the discussion as to what is and what is not in good taste.

Taste, especially in dress, and eminently in female dress—for that is our immediate concern—is, however, accessible to the influence or direction of certain fixed principles which no one who desires to present a becoming appearance can afford to neglect; it is shown in such a conformity to the laws of nature as to suit the form and features which we possess, the station we occupy, the occupation we are engaged in, and the years we have reached.

I hope to devote a future chapter to the comfort and convenience of dress; meanwhile, I will say a few words about taste in its choice and use.

The subject is so large and subtle that one hardly knows where to start; suppose, however, we first consider the dress and dressing of the head. That will be beginning at the top, even if we do not exhaust the whole of our subject. There is nothing with which fashion has played wilder vagaries than the bonnet or hat; it would be hopeless to trace its whimsical course in the past. No one can visit a gallery of old portraits, or turn over a book of costumes, without being struck with the monstrous oddities which women have set upon their heads. In our own time, within the memory of many who now follow the fashions, they have changed enough to show that there seems no fixed rule for a covering to a woman's head. The bewildered imagination has found the most likely language inadequate to express the impressions created by successive phases of head-gear. We have, it is true, delivered ourselves of an opinion as to some comfortable summer structures, by calling them at once, with obvious intelligence of perception, "uglies." But adjectives have been felt to fail in defining most bonnet-fabrics which present themselves, and we have tried to convey an idea by calling them coalscuttles, spoons, and pork pies. Men have stuck to "chimney-pots," a word which is doubly significant when applied to their hats, inasmuch as they not only resemble them in shape, but form the topmost items of the structure. A "tile" is also an appropriate nickname, as it is set upon the roof; but what fitness of association

can be seen in the crowning of a woman with a "coal-scuttle" or a "pie"? Depend upon it, ladies, that when your head-dresses get such unlikely incongruous names as these, you are not true to the principles of good taste. Granted that it must be something very bad indeed which could dissipate the charms of a pretty face; still, you don't do justice to your faces when you play such tricks with them. I know that coal-scuttles have long been discarded, though I dare say they will "come in" again some day; but "spoons" have but very lately been laid aside. What the nickname of the present bonnet is I do not know: it is too small, perhaps, to carry a name at all; it is not a bonnet, but the germ of one; it does nothing to fulfil any conditions of a covering to the head; it does not cover it, it does not shade the eyes, it does not keep off the heat or the cold, and in many instances it is not even seen. You have to look twice to know whether a lady has a bonnet on or not. If it were not for the ribbons which fasten it on, and the things attached to it, you would not know that it was there; it is a mere minute rudiment, a bud of millinery, and not a bonnet at all. A lady of fashion, full dressed, looks as if she had forgotten to finish her toilette, and come out, carelessly, without anything on her head. While she wears an abundance of superfluous fabric which exaggerates the other proportions of her figure, she makes this exaggeration more conspicuous by reducing her head to a minimum. She is like a capital A with the dot of a little i, or a large church bell with a cannon ball on the top of it; and this is good taste! Well, ladies, if you will insist on people taking small account of your heads, perhaps they may think your taste well represented by the small ratio which your brains bear to the rest of your possessions.

Caprice is shown in hair as much as in head-dresses. The departure of the powder and pomatum age is no doubt a sign of sensible progress in this matter; but what can be the charm of those great blobs which you wear at the back of your necks? Why appear double-headed? I am told that these excrescences are mostly artificial; at least, they are artificially stuffed out; but they represent no possible form of nature, except it may be some hideous swelling analogous to the Swiss goitre, only behind instead of before. Why not let the hair follow either its own natural way, or at least some way which hair is known to follow in some living creature in the animal kingdom? If, possessing a face to which curls are a becoming accompaniment, you like to wear your hair in some other way, choose some form which is probable or possible. There is the less excuse for these great lumps at the back of the head, inasmuch as there is a good deal of liberty allowed in the arrangement of the rest of it. Indeed, there are signs of "crops," as they are somewhat curtly termed, becoming common, if not fashionable. At any rate, they have the advantage of following one natural disposition of the hair, and suit many faces remarkably well. But there never was a head yet which looked the better for a lump as big as a cocoa-nut attached to it.

A word about dyeing hair. If old people knew how much older it made them look, when black or brown tresses accompany a withered face, they would go at once to the nearest shop and have the hideous colouring matter cleared out of their hair. We see how much powder heightens the complexion, and makes the clear colour tints of a young face still more brilliant; why, then, will those whose skin is marked by age not accept the natural silver as the best preservative of their good looks? Why will they adopt a process which above all others intensifies the change which years have made in

them? The trick of discharging the colour from hair, so as to get the fashionable "blonde," is less objectionable in an ornamental sense, though it is equally a moral offence, inasmuch as it is a pretence to supposed natural graces which have been denied. But the dyeing of gray hair is not only a lie, but a lie which is immediately and invariably detected, and ghastly in its personal results. Oh, my dear aunts, do get rid at once of a witness which looks all whom you address in the face, and proclaims, while you are speaking to them, "See how old her skin is! You have no idea how fresh and pleasant she might look if she would let Nature have her own tasteful and appropriate way."

To descend from the head and face, the dress of the neck will not detain us long, for it is never dressed. Here, however, I must remark that women show as good taste as men do a bad one. The neck was surely meant to be bare, or at least free. No one can be graceful in movement who is permanently throttled. Even if we take into consideration only the beauty of a neck, it may well be shown, but if stiffened by wraps it hinders that flexibility of gesture without which the effect of an agreeable form is spoiled. But I must say a word of warning about your shoulders. No dress which makes them high or square is tolerable, and yet they are intended by nature to support the dress of those who wear clothes. It is a defiance of the laws of mechanics, to say nothing of taste, to see the ledge on which a structure should rest, unused. The shape of the shoulders should be preserved by the dress which sits upon them; but at the risk of seeming utterly heretical in the matter, I possess a belief that they should be partly covered, in order that the true principle of good taste may be observed. Curiously enough, Nature avenges herself for the neglect of this, her obvious support of the dress, by setting children, whose shoulders are bare, to hitch themselves about until often one shoulder becomes higher than the other, or both are permanently shrugged up. Half the upper malformations which sometimes detract from a woman's grace are caused by the natural unconscious protest which they made, when children, against the slipping off of the frocks from the ledge intended to support them.

From shoulders we may run our eye down the arms. Good taste is continually outraged by sleeves. Where any are worn, they should, more or less, fit. Could anything have been conceived more monstrous than the shoulder-of-mutton structures which women once wore on their arms, and which, when covered with a cloak, make the wearer assume the figure of a bee-hive? There have been some indications lately of lumps and swellings on the upper part of the sleeve, which I trust will subside; but, whatever you wear on your arms, always manage that the dress shall be confined at the wrist. A deep and sweeping cuff is to be avoided, not only for the trick it has of scooping up gravy and upsetting anything in the way towards that which you put out your hand to reach, but for its defiance of that natural law which decrees that a limb shall taper towards its extremity.

Happily, though the poor feet are often pinched up, Nature asserts her own way with the hands; and fashion gives the same order as good taste—i.e., if you are not engaged in rough work, keep them delicate and soft; and that is done by nothing better than by a soft leather glove. It is needless to say that a lady should never wear silk, cotton, or linen on her hands. Thin kid is obviously the best material to clothe them with, inasmuch as it most resembles the natural skin.

The waist is notoriously under the influence of fashion. Nature is not to be trusted. We laugh at Chinese

ladies for pinching up their feet; but this is nothing to the pinching up of the waist. A thin waist is a deformity, except in a thin person, for it destroys the proportion of the figure. And the worst of it is, that when the waist of a stout figure is squeezed in, that which is not permitted to remain in the waist goes somewhere else. You can't scoop it out with a knife, you can't pare a living person down. You may nip one part in, but then the other parts are so much the bigger. Ladies, especially young ladies, if you desire well-proportioned waists, take plenty of exercise, and then the rest of the figure will be naturally developed, and the waist as small as it is ever intended to be. Singing, especially, which works the muscles of the chest, tends to make the waist well-proportioned. But all healthy use of the arms and shoulders has this effect. If you will exceed Chinese ladies in folly, and squeeze up that part of the frame which incloses the heart and lungs, remember that one not unfrequent result of tight lacing is to give a *red nose*; and when once this red nose has made its appearance you cannot get rid of it: Nature decrees this punishment for life. When you look some day into the glass and see the hateful tint, it will be too late to give up the squeezing which has produced it. Your noses, as well as your waists, will be spoiled for good. The slender wasp-like form will be accompanied with a sign which indicates a generally waspish disposition.

We now come to crinoline, which, to a certain extent, holds its ground, notwithstanding the advance of the fashion of long pendent trains. I dare say it is very convenient in many respects. It keeps off the flapping, dragging effect of the dress in walking, at least on level ground. But no one thinks of wearing it on horseback. Here, then, we have an article of dress which is, under some circumstances, a great assistant to natural movement, and under others wholly dispensed with. Why not, therefore, accept this liberty of disuse, and wear crinoline with more respect to the inconvenience of others as well as the convenience of the wearer? It is positively uncomfortable to walk arm-in-arm with a woman encircled by steel; and in assemblies of any kind, where the room is limited, hoops cease to impart any supposed additional grace to their wearers. Pray, ladies, allow yourselves to contemplate the possibility of your charms being irresistible though unassociated with crinoline; and let those of my fair readers whose pin-money is limited, remember that the graceful outlines of a dress built up with metal are impossible, unless the hoops are covered with such an abundance of material as to conceal their transverse ribs.

I will now descend to the feet. They are at present threatened with the distortion which must accompany very high heels. Nature never intended us to walk on tip-toe. Let alone the risk of being tripped up by having a column equal to a shilling's worth of pence and halfpence nailed under the feet, the joints of the toes are in danger of swelling into bunions and other tasteless excrescences if they have double work put upon them. The walk is the most graceful form of motion when it is possible. But I defy any one to call the gait of a very high-heeled woman a walk at all, in the natural sense of the word. Her whole body is thrown off its balance, and she goes along with that ticklish gesture which is associated with stilts, or wooden legs. Moreover, when the body is thus artificially elevated, the proportion of the figure is destroyed. The back and arms appear unnaturally shortened as the other limbs are lengthened, and the small stature, which high heels are intended to correct, becomes more obtrusively conspicuous.

I must say a word on the shape of the shoe before I have done with the successive portions of the figure. Shoes, by all the principles of good taste, ought to be of the same shape as the feet. Unluckily, however, the dancing-master produces knock-knees by making us turn our toes out, and the shoemaker assists him in his distortion of nature by casing our feet in things which guide them into crippling curvatures. The toes are intended to turn in rather than out, in order that they may all be used in giving that spring to the walk which is so characteristic of graceful progress. If the feet are artificially turned out, the great toe has to act as the chief lifting power of the body, and, being deprived of the whole assistance of its companions, swells at its joints so much as to throw the whole foot out of shape. Again, the proper proportion of the ankle and the calf depends in great measure upon the use of the muscles attached to the five toes. As these are undeveloped, so the calf shrinks, and the ankle loses its neatness. Again I implore you ladies to believe that the true principles of taste are neglected when violence is done to nature by an artificial exaggeration of any one of its gifts, and that so beautiful a structure as the foot is destroyed by an addition which strains it when used for an hour, but cripples it when permanently adopted. Ladies, if you don't like being short, don't make your shortness painfully obvious by trying to walk on tip-toes.

A few words on colour. This ought to have a chapter to itself; but my space is limited. I can only draw your attention to a few principles, and leave you to apply them yourselves. A good natural figure, and taste in the shape of dress, may be wholly spoiled by inappropriate or ill-harmonized colours. Remember that white increases the apparent size of the wearer, while black diminishes it; remember also that stripes add to height, while cross-bars lessen it. Large checks are invariably in bad taste, unless a person's figure is so bad that it is sought to be concealed. Never wear a dress of many colours; and when you have more than one, take care that they are what is called complementary. Thus green and red are complementary. They harmonize well; so do yellow and purple, orange and blue. Blue and green are utterly inadmissible together. Thus, too, these strong colours ought to be chosen with respect to the colour of the complexion. Green gives a rosininess to the face of the wearer, while red tones down the redness of the skin. Blue assists the beauty of a blonde, yellow that of a brunette. White vivifies a bright complexion, black subdues it. Thus a negress can wear a coloured dress which would be intolerable on a white; and an Indian nurse, or ayah, however old, is becomingly clothed in muslin, which is unsuitable to any but a youthful European.

If, however, any of my readers should be desirous of understanding something more of this matter, let them borrow or buy "*Chevreul on Colour*," and they will find directions which, if honestly followed, will preserve them from a gaudiness which is distressing to good taste.

A line on ornament, and I have done. No ornament should ever be worn except for use. It should always fasten or support something. In any case, it loses its power to increase charms when excessive. Much artificial decoration makes a man think that the wearer is conscious of wanting natural beauty, or that she is trying to set off some superficial charms with unbecoming eagerness. And so it is; obtrusive ornament generally marks an absence of the best graces; and a woman who seeks to draw attention by her trinkets is too often without that which gives the true charm to her sex.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

THE story of Marcus Curtius, and of his daring leap into the gulf in the Roman Forum, has long since been remitted to the region of fable. Cold and relentless criticism has ridiculed this and other legends of early Rome, which in boyhood we read with admiring and unquestioning belief. But we should be sorry to see these romantic tales banished from the pages of the historian. Even if the incidents be themselves fabulous, they are true exponents of the character of the old Romans, and graphic illustrations of the times in which they obtained credence. This story of Curtius proves how his countrymen prized valour and self-sacrifice for the public good. The Latin word *virtus*, from which our English *virtue* comes, stood with the Romans not only for the specific quality of courage, though that was its first and chief signification, but it included all the moral qualities to be admired in thorough *virtus*, or manhood. How Marcus Curtius exemplified this lofty standard of natural virtue, and what lesson his story may still convey to us, who are favoured with higher and broader views of human worth, will appear, after recalling the incidents of this celebrated episode in ancient Roman history.

The scene, represented in so spirited a style by the distinguished artist Haydon, is reported to have occurred in the year of Rome 392, or before Christ 362. At that period, according to Livy, the middle of the Forum "is said to have fallen in to an immense depth, forming a sort of vast cave, either by reason of an earthquake, or some other violent cause" (Livy, book vii., chap. 6, Spillan's translation, Bohn's series). When this unexpected event took place, the people, as we learn from the historian, tried hard to fill up the chasm by casting into it vast quantities of earth. All, however, was in vain. So the soothsayers were consulted, or, if not, at least they volunteered their counsel, which was that whatever was most valuable in the Roman state should be cast into the gulf, else would that state itself be but transient in its duration. Respected as these soothsayers were, every one felt anxious to carry out their advice. But the puzzling question arose—what was the most valuable thing then in Rome? On this point opinions would almost necessarily differ, and differ they did, and the likelihood was but slight of the disputants coming at last to any common agreement. On this Marcus Curtius, a man still young in years, but already distinguished in war, expressed his astonishment that any doubt could arise as to what in Rome should be deemed most valuable. What could be of more priceless importance than arms and valour? Having spoken, he at once prepared to translate his words into action. Raising his eyes, he cast a look at the temples of the gods, in view from where he stood in the Forum; next he turned towards the capitol, the centre and symbol of his country's power. Alternately he gazed up to heaven, as if to adore the gods resident there, and then bent him over the abyss, in veneration of the infernal divinities, to whose gloomy realms the yawning chasm might be supposed an open door. Finally, equipped in full armour, and mounted on a gaily-caparisoned steed, he flung himself into the dark depth and was lost. The multitude, greatly moved by the sight of such courage and self-devotion, hastened to cast flowers in after him, and other offerings, and his name was attached to the lake which occupied the place in the Forum through which he had gone to death.

Time was when this narrative was generally held to be sober truth, though suspicion might have been excited by the language with which the not over-sceptical Livy

introduces it—"the middle of the Forum is said to have fallen in." What helped to stagger the historian was that there was a legend of another and much earlier Curtius connected with the same lake. As every one knows, the great founder of Rome is reputed to have thrown open his city as an asylum for every man of enterprising character that liked to make it his place of abode. Multitudes in consequence flocked to it, some of them with characters by no means the most reputable. Soon the want of women began to be felt as a pressing evil in the new community, as it is in Australia and some other of our colonies in the present day. To meet the difficulty in a legitimate way, Romulus sent an embassy to the neighbouring towns, proposing intermarriages. But his advances were repelled, and he was contemptuously advised to make his city an asylum for outcasts of the one sex, as he had already done for those of the other. Such a reply was fitted to excite resentment, but Romulus was too prudent to give way to temper; therefore, avoiding the rupture of friendly relations, he allowed a reasonable time to elapse for the whole matter to slip out of the public mind, and then invited the inhabitants of the cities, where he had met with his late repulse, to come with their wives and families to a great religious festival at Rome. It was to be, he said, in honour of Neptunus Equestris. The people flocked to the festival, and did so, we are inclined to think, all the more readily that religious gatherings on so large a scale have a fatal tendency to degenerate into fairs. When this one had taken its natural course, and all but a few of the visitors had ceased piously to reflect upon Neptune, and given themselves up to mirth and revelry, a sudden rush was made upon the young women present, who were captured and detained for wives to the townsmen. A series of wars arose from this vigorous policy, in the most formidable of which, that of the Sabines, led by Titus Tatius, a battle took place in which the Romans were for a time beaten back, and seemed on the eve of being totally defeated. The most prominent of their adversaries was a certain Mettus Curtius, who rode in front of his men and cheered them on. The Romans rallying, Curtius's horse took fright and plunged into a swamp, where both he and it were in danger of perishing. The Sabines saw the peril in which their champion was placed, and shouted words of encouragement, till, animated by their manifest sympathy for him, he made desperate exertions, and finally escaped from the swamp. Some Romans, it appears, were of opinion that the Curtian Lake or swamp took its origin from this old hero who figured in the Sabine war; but Livy judged differently. "The lake," he says, "was called Curtian, not from Curtius Mettus, the ancient soldier of Titus Tatius, but from this circumstance" (he refers to the leaping of the knight into the chasm in the Forum). "If any way would lead one's inquiry to the truth, industry would not be wanting; now, when length of time precludes all certainty of evidence, we must stand by the rumours of tradition, and the name of the lake would be accounted for from this more recent story."

As was stated, narratives like that of the Sabine or the Roman Curtius were once accepted as genuine history. True, there might be found an inquirer here and there who was not satisfied with them, but, if so, he modestly held back his doubts, or, if he gave utterance to them, he failed to impress the public mind. But when Niebuhr's celebrated Roman History appeared in 1811 and 1812, and was afterwards reprinted with large alterations and additions between 1827 and 1832; and when in this country Arnold, with his high reputation, and Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, with his calmly philosophic truth-

loving nature, followed in the same track, the confidence in the historic character of early Roman history, once entertained so universally, received a series of rude shocks, from which it is not likely that it will ever recover. Such narratives as that of the two Curtii, the

extent their teaching was praiseworthy and right. They taught that the greatness of a country depends less on the material wealth than on the moral worth of her sons; they taught that self-sacrifice for the good of others is better than selfishness; they taught that patriotism was



more ancient one at least referring to a period centuries before the art of writing was known at Rome, are now regarded as mythic.

We should be sorry, as we have already said, to find the legend of Marcus Curtius banished from the pages of the historian. It indicates the early character of the people, and its currency helped to perpetuate that character. And we owe gratitude to those who have left it on record. There was no doubt one-sidedness in their estimate of true worth and manhood, but to a certain

a noble virtue. The light of nature did not supply them with nobler or loftier motives; but we may still, in such an example, find illustration of truths which appeal to the best part of human nature. Revelation has enlarged the sphere of unselfish devotion; the good not of kindred or country alone, but of the whole brotherhood of man, is sought by Christian virtue; earthly renown is a poor motive compared with the approval of God and of a good conscience; and if in old times we have heard that per-adventure for a good man or in a good cause some would

even dare to die, He who gave his life a ransom for many has taught us to love even our enemies, and to devote our ransomed lives to the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATING.

THE books and other documents which were written in ancient times were often elaborately ornamented, and were then said to be "illuminated." The decorative portions were commonly, but not always, in a different colour from the rest of the writing, and were often remarkable works of art. These illuminations were of every possible description, including initial and capital letters, the borders of pages, the beginnings and endings of books and sections, and entire pages. Not a few of them were really pictures, complicated in design, gorgeous in colouring, and minutely finished in execution. But, whatever their plan, position, or merit, they were intended to add beauty and splendour to the documents which received them. No one at all acquainted with the specimens which have been preserved will doubt that illuminating was an art, and that it afforded scope for genius and artistic skill.

In our day there has been going on for some years a steady revival of a taste for illuminations, especially in connection with ecclesiastical subjects; and we have all become familiar with beautiful imitations of ancient work. Not only artists by profession, but amateurs, ladies and others, have zealously studied and practised the art, and have found powerful co-operation in the printer and lithographer. Books have been multiplied with ornamental head-pieces, tail-pieces, capitals, and borders, equal in excellence to anything which the ancient designers could produce. Still more striking have been the results of lithography, whereby it is possible to print in gold and silver, and every shade of colour, the most intricate and gorgeous designs. The facilities which we thus possess enable us to multiply copies with greater rapidity, and at a far lower price than could be done in olden times. In the case of large cards with illuminated texts, it is not unusual for the ornamental parts to be printed in outline and afterwards filled in by hand, allowing room for the exercise of taste and skill, without requiring the powers of invention and design. Many of the mottoes and texts to which we refer are, however, wholly executed, in all their rich and gorgeous hues, by chromo-lithography, or colour-printing.

The ancients were less favoured. Very often the illuminator had to prepare his parchment, to make his ink, mix his colours, and generally to provide for himself the materials for his craft. The processes and ingredients which he had to employ are still known, because they were carefully described and recorded for the benefit of learners. At the present day the artist has very little to do besides make the best use of the materials and implements which he can purchase ready to his hand.

We cannot say where and when the illuminative art was first practised. It was probably of very ancient origin and gradual growth, perhaps in nations far asunder. The very oldest writings we possess have scarcely any decoration; but it is well known that inks of different colours were employed in classic times, and that, for the same effect, the parchment itself was occasionally stained. About the beginning of the third century, we read of a copy of Homer in letters of gold upon vellum stained purple, presented to the Emperor Maximin by his mother. Mr. M. D. Wyatt,

who mentions this fact, says: "Roman illuminated manuscripts would appear to have been mainly divisible into two classes; firstly, those in which the text, simply but elegantly written in perfectly formed or rustic (that is, inclined) capitals, mainly in black and sparingly in red ink, was illustrated by pictures, usually square, inserted in simple frames, generally of a red border only; and secondly, the richer kind, in which at first gold letters, on white and stained vellum grounds, and subsequently black and coloured ornaments on gold grounds, were introduced. The first of these appears to have been the most ancient style, and to have long remained popular in the Western Empire, while the second, which, as Sir Frederick Madden has observed, no doubt came originally to the Romans from the Greeks, acquired its greatest perfection under the early emperors of the East."

The East, from Constantinople to Japan, has very long been partial to ornamental writing. In Persia elegance of penmanship is still regarded as an acquisition to be coveted. Not only the Mohammedans, but the ancient Christian communities of Asia and Egypt, have delighted in the production and possession of richly-illuminated books, especially sacred and liturgical ones, or such as contained writings by greatly-prized authors. Illuminated works brought to this country from the East are very numerous, of every degree of artistic merit, and with dates ranging over fourteen centuries or thereabouts. The monks and recluses of the Greek, Syrian, and Coptic churches often devoted years to the writing and illuminating of single volumes; and it is an ascertained fact that, not uncommonly, a book was written by one man and decorated by another.

The history of illuminating in Europe was similar. Those who practised it borrowed a good deal from the Greeks. Priests and friars occupied themselves with copying and adorning the Holy Scriptures, missals, prayer-books, the works of the fathers, classic authors, etc. This work formed a special department in connection with various cathedrals, abbeys, and monasteries. Nuns even whiled away the weary time in occupations of the same description. Other persons also were similarly employed, and wrote and illuminated books, and deeds, and documents of all sorts. In these ways manuscripts were slowly and laboriously, but constantly, multiplied, and some of them, which have been preserved, are among the most precious of our treasures.

We have examined many of these relics of ancient art, and have found in them much to admire. The devices are sometimes eccentric and grotesque, but often they are the most beautiful that can be imagined. The beginning or end of a book, its first letter, the initial letters of the several sections, the border or margin of the leaf, all supplied opportunities for the introduction of ornament upon which no expenditure of labour and ingenuity was spared. After many centuries the colours are often as vivid, and the lines as perfect, as they were the day they were laid on. Nothing but an inspection of them can convey an adequate idea of the excellence of the work. The simple outline of a letter is frequently filled in and surrounded with gorgeous and most elaborate patterns in gold and colours.

After a continuance of at least a thousand years, the art of illuminating suddenly became almost superseded in Europe by the introduction of printing. Even printed books, however, continued to be illuminated to some extent by hand. Initial and capital letters in colours were filled in by hand, as well as other details. But the art rapidly declined, and the portions inserted degenerated from the taste and beauty of former times.

Very soon the illuminator was quite dispensed with, for the printer found that he could produce the same result more cheaply and effectively by printing in red ink the parts which had been supplied by hand. For this purpose ornamental type was prepared, and the sheets were passed a second time through the press. The next step was the printing of the decorative letters in black, which was cheaper still, as the whole could be printed at once. Gradually the use of ornamental letters became less frequent, and with them the art of illuminating died out, so far as books were concerned.

The few illuminated books which have been produced in Europe since printing was invented four hundred years ago, have mostly been due to peculiar circumstances. But important legal and official documents have always formed an apparent exception, and have been commonly decorated. These, however, need not detain us, and we may safely say that the fashion of illuminating books and writings which now prevails is a revival of the ancient art. This revival takes place under favourable circumstances. The taste to appreciate such things is more widely diffused; the facilities for executing them are far greater; and a tendency to sentiment in favour of mediæval forms and practices is more active than it has been for centuries.

The art of illuminating in Europe has always been chiefly allied with religion, and so it is now. Nor do we object to this, provided we do not mistake the love of beautifully-written texts and mottoes for the love of the truth. Art may be employed in the service of religion, but the love of art in such a connection is not religion. We may be enthusiasts in our admiration of lovely words emblazoned with all the skill and splendour possible, but our enthusiasm may really be only the expression of a formalism which looks not beyond the dead letter. Doubtless many who wrote or read the magnificently-illuminated volumes of the middle ages regarded them only as the earthen vessels which contained the heavenly treasure. And yet many others may have mistaken their admiration of a splendid book for admiration of God's truth. Therefore, be it ours to desire more earnestly to have that truth inscribed upon "the fleshly tables of the heart:" so shall we be illuminated and "living epistles known and read of all men."

MORMONISM.

SOUTHEY, in his "Colloquies," predicted the rise of a false religion in the New World, comparable with the Mohammedan in the Old World. The wild license into which American liberty of thought and action had degenerated may have justified such a prediction. But few could have anticipated the success of such a creed as Mormonism, even in America, the fertile land of moral prodigies. It is a wonderful chapter in the history of imposture and credulity. Amidst all the light and civilization of the nineteenth century, an illiterate knave pretends to possess a divine revelation, and the disciples of the new creed are numbered by hundreds of thousands, gathered not from uncivilized nations, but from the Anglo-Saxon race.

If Mormonism had been confined to America, it would have been an event to be wondered at and deplored. But its influence soon extended to our own shores. The late Edward Forbes, in reviewing an American book,* thus wrote of the Mormon emigration

from England:—"The age is lost in wonder at the migrating stream of gold-seekers pouring in upon the El Dorados of California and Australia. A far more astonishing phenomenon is the migration of thousands to the new Holy Land of Utah, seeking for a terrestrial paradise amidst the wilds of Deseret, and a New Jerusalem in the City of the Great Salt Lake. Ships sail from Liverpool laden with 'Latter-Day Saints,' firm believers in the divine mission of Joe Smith, the literal inspirator of the 'Book of Mormon,' and the prophetic authority of Governor Brigham Young. Comfortable farmers, even small and embarrassed proprietors, quit the homes of their ancestors and the scenes of their childhood, renounce an allegiance to the government under which they have safely and happily lived, and communion with the church of their fathers, to brave perils by sea and land, for the sake of one of the grossest impostures and most transparent shams that ever deluded human credulity. Wonderful indeed must be the spell that can annihilate in the hearts of good, homely men and women, not only all the elements of the Christian faith, about which they had never been taught to doubt, but even the ties, almost as sacred, by which their family life had hitherto been regulated. There must be something grievously wrong in the intellectual condition of the community amidst which this strange form of fanaticism can take root. There needs no long search to discover the source of the evil. In the want of enlightened education, we can too plainly discover the cause."

Although the proceedings of the Mormons in this country have of late years attracted less public notice, the evil influence is still disastrously at work. This very winter, while a Yankee humourist is amusing idle audiences in the Egyptian Hall by his sketches of "the Latter-Day Saints," a son of Brigham Young, with two of his "spiritual wives," has been addressing crowded meetings of working men and women in the east of London. Busy agents are lecturing through the land, and obtain numerous converts both in the country and in the towns of England and Wales. While the grosser features of the system are kept out of view, the freedom and abundance to be found in the far-west of America suffice to attract multitudes of the underfed and underpaid labourers in our crowded island. Little is heard of the misery, the tyranny, the crimes that prevail in the land of the Saints. Even the press, pre-occupied with political discussions, has ceased to raise its warning voice against this social delusion. It may be well, therefore, through "The Leisure Hour," to bring before the working classes some facts about the origin, nature, and claims of Mormonism.

I.

THE PROPHET AND THE BOOK.

It is now six-and-thirty years since Joseph Smith, a native of the United States of America, formed the religious sect known as the "Mormonites" or Latter-Day Saints. The family from which he sprang seems always to have borne an indifferent reputation. His father, who was a small farmer resident in Palmyra, imposed on the credulity of his neighbours by his pretensions to divination and enchantments; knavery, deceit, and falsehood seem to have been prominent features in his character. Joseph, the future prophet, inherited his father's character in its entirety, and seems to have greatly

* "An Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah," by Howard Stansbury. Captain Stansbury was appointed by the United States Government to explore scientifically the Mormonite territory.

Many books have since been written on the subject by travellers from all countries, but none give so valuable information about the land and the people of Utah as this official report of Capt. Stansbury.

augmented the store of gifts transmitted to him. When only fifteen years of age, he professed to have seen visions of angels, and to have received instructions from them, but that he profited little is evident from the following confession which he makes in a work entitled "The Pearl of Great Price." He says, "During the space of time which intervened between the time I had the vision and 1823, I was left to all kinds of temptations, and mingling with all kinds of society I frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth and the corruption of human nature, which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations to the gratification of many appetites offensive in the sight of God." That Smith did not make this confession from a sense of the evil of sin is evident from the fact that no reformation of life followed, but, on the contrary, he waxed worse and worse; we must, therefore, conclude that, as he made the above acknowledgment of his wickedness, such was the notoriety he had gained by his evil conduct that he hoped the tacit admission of his guilt would lead to the supposition that he was penitent.

As such was the character of the originator of this sect, it may be thought that any notice either of Smith or his followers is only giving them an importance they do not merit. But when it is remembered that tens of thousands of the working classes in Great Britain are at the present time enrolled among its members, and that numerous agents are actively engaged in spreading their pernicious doctrines, it is impossible to be silent. And in order to meet the statements published by these agents, it is necessary to examine the claims and assumptions of a system which is alike destructive of morals and religion.

The "Mormonites," or "Latter-Day Saints," derive their first appellation from a work called "The Book of Mormon," assumed by them to be an inspired production; "a new revelation from God, containing the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, by which God is to work a great and marvellous work, bringing to nought the wisdom of the wise, and convincing both the Jew and the Gentile that Jesus is the Christ."*

After claiming such an origin, and designed for such an end, it is not unreasonable to expect that it should furnish some evidence of its divine origin. If the Book of Mormon is the word of God, and of equal authority with the Bible†, if it was written under the influence of the same Divine Spirit who moved the holy men of old who penned the sacred pages, there will be an agreement in the purpose of the writers, in the facts they narrate, and in the doctrines they teach; and the majesty, grandeur, sublimity, holiness, wisdom, and truth which are the distinguishing attributes of the Old and New Testaments will be also apparent in the Book of Mormon. The same kind of evidence which demonstrates the Bible to be the word of God will also (if it can be furnished) prove the divinity of any book claiming to be written by Divine inspiration.

We may here observe that in no part of the Bible are we taught to expect any further revelation from God. It has indeed been affirmed that, because other books or writings are mentioned besides those included in our canon, therefore we have not the whole of the inspired records, and that consequently our Bible is incomplete. It is for those who make this affirmation to prove that the books to which allusion is made were inspired.

The fact that they are mentioned is no more proof that they were inspired than are the quotations from heathen poets in the New Testament. The impossibility of losing any of the inspired writings will appear, when it is remembered with what feelings of reverence the Jews regarded their sacred books, and the peculiar care they took of them. So scrupulously particular were they to preserve them entire and uncorrupt, that they counted the number of paragraphs, words, and letters, so that whatever happened in making copies, the loss of a whole book was impossible. Though they were charged by our Saviour with neglecting the sacred word, and making it void by their traditions, they were never charged with losing any portion of it. To them "were committed the oracles of God"; and there is abundant evidence to prove that in the letter they were faithful to their trust, until corruptions were made to meet the claims of Christianity. With respect to the New Testament, it is equally certain we have all the books that were written under Divine inspiration. It is true there were writings extant, in the first and second centuries, which were assumed by many to be of Divine authority, but these were never received as such by those who were best able to judge of their pretensions. Several early catalogues of the inspired books were drawn up by Christian writers of that period, which agree in every respect with those received by us; no books are included in those catalogues which are not in our canon. It is, therefore, evident that, as the Old Testament contains the whole of the inspired writings of Moses and the Prophets, so the New Testament contains the whole of the inspired writings of the Evangelists and Apostles; and not any intimation is given that any further revelation would be made from God to man. The book whose claims we propose now to examine is assumed to be a divinely-inspired record, "written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation."* We shall, therefore, endeavour to ascertain whether its claims are legitimate, and what evidence it proposes that it is the Word of God.

When the Almighty has commissioned his servants to declare his will to mankind, he has invested them with miraculous powers as a proof they were acting by Divine authority. Moses was directed, as a proof of his commission, to exhibit certain miraculous signs which God assured him the people would believe. That such signs were the strongest of all testimonies to the mission of a prophet, we learn from our Saviour's willingness to rest his own authority exclusively upon them. "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not; but if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works" (John x. 37, 38). But what evidence has Joseph Smith furnished that he spoke and acted by Divine authority? When driven from the State of Missouri, did he divide the Mississippi, and lead his followers through, as Moses did the Israelites through the Red Sea? Did he raise the dead like Elijah? heal the sick like Isaiah? or cure the lame like Peter? The founder of Mormonism professed to work miracles, but the instances of pretended miraculous gifts are only sad illustrations of human credulity and imposture.

The real character of Smith and his family will appear from the following extract from an affidavit made and signed by fifty-two gentlemen of different professions, and various religious sentiments, who were well acquainted with them, and who felt it to be their duty to expose them:—

* Preface to the Book of Mormon, Second European Edition.

† "We believe the Book of Mormon to be a sacred and divinely-inspired record, containing the word of God delivered to the ancient saints who lived on the western continent (America), and that it is equal in authority with the Bible" (Mormon Creed).

* Preface to the Book of Mormon.

"Palmyra, N.Y., December 4th, 1833.

"We, the undersigned, having been acquainted with the Smith family for a number of years, while they resided near this place, have no hesitation in saying that we consider them destitute of that moral character which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community. They were particularly infamous for visionary projects; spent much of their time in digging for money, which they pretended was laid in the earth. Joseph Smith, sen., and his son Joseph, were in particular considered entirely destitute of moral character, and addicted to vicious habits."

And eleven citizens of Manchester, N.Y., who knew him well, certify that Joe Smith was not only lazy and indolent, but also intemperate, and that his word was not to be depended upon.

Such being his real character, can any reliance be placed on what he says? especially when the improbability of his statement is considered. He tells us "That being concerned at the divisions in the church, and at a loss to know which among the many denominations he ought to follow as the true one, he had gone into a grove to pray for Divine guidance, and while thus engaged two angels appeared to him, and told him the whole world was wrong upon religious points, and that the truth would be made known to him in due time. These angelic personages also informed him that his sins were forgiven, and that he was chosen to be a prophet of the Most-High God." On September 21, 1823, a second revelation was made, when Smith was informed that the American Indians were a remnant of the Children of Israel, and that prophets had existed amongst them, who had deposited some Divine records in a secure place, to prevent their destruction by the wicked. On the following morning, another visit was paid to him by these heavenly messengers, when they made known to him the place where the records were hid, and directed him to go to the east side of the mail road from Palmyra, and there, under the hill Cumorah, he would find the precious relics. Thither Joseph repaired alone, and, after searching, found a stone chest, containing plates like gold, about eight inches long by seven wide, and not quite so thick as common tin.* Although he was privileged to see the plates, he was not allowed to remove them, but was told he must go on a journey to Pennsylvania, and there, among the mountains, he would meet with a young woman belonging to a highly respectable family, whom he was to take for his wife. After his marriage he was to return to his own home, and there to remain until the birth of his first child, who was to be the first person to see the plates. When his child had completed its second year, the father was to repair to the hill where the plates were hid, draw them thence, and publish the truths they contained to the world. He accordingly repaired to Pennsylvania, was married, and returned after his first child was born,† and was of the required age, and Smith was sufficiently instructed in "the Reformed Egyptian," in a dialect of which tongue the Golden Book was composed. On the 22nd September, 1827, Smith tells us that the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hand, and with them a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two stones set in the two

rims of a bow,* which he used as a pair of spectacles, and with the assistance of which he was enabled to translate the reformed Egyptian characters on the plates into English.†

After the work of translation was completed, "the Lord raised up witnesses to the nations of its truth, who at the volume send forth their testimony," in which they state they have "seen the plates with the engraving on them, and that they were shown to them by the power of God, and not by the power of man." Martin Harris, one of the witnesses to the existence of the plates, has since admitted that he saw them only by faith. When asked if he had seen the plates, Harris replied that he had. "Did you see the plates, with the engraving on them, with your bodily eyes?" Harris replied, "Yes, I saw them with my eyes; they were shown unto me by the power of God, and not of man." "But did you see them with your natural, your bodily eyes, just as you see this pencil-case in my hand? Now say yes or no to this." Harris replied, "Why, I did not see them as I do that pencil-case, yet I saw them with the eyes of faith. I saw them just as distinctly as I saw anything around me, though at the time they were covered with a cloth."‡ That Oliver Cowdry, another of the witnesses to the existence of the plates, was a suspicious character, and not trustworthy, is clear from the testimony of Smith himself. In a revelation, given in November 1831, he is pronounced unfit to be trusted with "moneys" (Doctrines and Covenants, p. 197). "Hearken unto me, saith the Lord your God, for my servant Oliver Cowdry's sake; it is not wisdom in me that he should be entrusted with the commandments and the moneys which he shall carry out into the land of Zion, except one go with him who will be true and faithful; wherefore I the Lord will that my servant John Whitmer go with my servant Oliver Cowdry." Here is an evident want of confidence in the honesty of Oliver. His own colleagues could not trust him with their "moneys;" and if those who knew him best, and were engaged in the same scheme, could not trust him in the matter of £ s. d., how can we trust his honesty in matters of greater importance? In a paper drawn up by Sidney Rigden in 1835, he states that Oliver Cowdry, David Whitmer, and another, were united with a gang of counterfeiters, thieves, liars, and blacklegs of the deepest dye, to deceive, cheat, and defraud the saints. In a paper called "The Elders' Journal," Joe Smith speaks of Harris as "so bad a character that to notice him would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make." Such are the characters of the three principal witnesses whose names are appended to the Book of Mormon, furnished, be it remembered, by the "prophet" himself, who very inconsistently wishes us to give credit to men whom he has denounced as liars, and to trust those whom he declares, on the word of a "prophet," to be unworthy of any confidence. Of the eleven witnesses who affirm that they have seen the plates, there are five Whitmers and three Smiths. This circumstance alone looks very suspicious, and has very much the appearance of being a family plot to carry out the imposture.

It is affirmed that the Book of Mormon is predicted in various parts of the prophetic writings. The passage most frequently referred to by those who write in its

* "Remarkable Visions." By Orson Pratt.

† Sophia Lewis states that she heard Smith say "that the book of plates could not be opened, under penalty of death, by any other person but his (Smith's) firstborn, which was to be a male." She says "she was present at the birth of this child, and that it was stillborn and very much deformed." ("Mormonism Unveiled." By E. D. Howe.)

* "Remarkable Visions." By Orson Pratt.

† Mr. Isaac Hale, Smith's father-in-law, in an affidavit made before a Justice of the Peace, says, "The manner in which Smith pretended to read and interpret was the same as when he looked for the money-digger with the stone in his hat, and his hat over his face, while the book of plates was in the box."

‡ "Mormonism Unmasked." By R. Clarke.

defence is Ezekiel xxxvii. 16. "Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand." The following is Orson Pratt's* comment on this passage: "Ezekiel was commanded first to write upon one stick 'For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions;' this was a representation of the Bible which is the record of Judah. 'Then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions;' this was a representation of the Book of Mormon, which is the record of Joseph, written in ancient America. 'And join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand;' this was a representation of the union of the records of the two nations" ("Divine Authenticity," p. 94). That this prediction does not refer to books but to nations is very evident from the 21st to the 24th verse, "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all: so shall they be my people, and I will be their God, and David my servant shall be king over them." In these words the prophet predicts that Ephraim and Judah shall again be united in brotherly love, that whereas ever since the desertion of the ten tribes under Jeroboam, there had been continual animosities between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, these should continue no longer, "Ephraim should not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." They shall become united, "they shall be one in God's hand," they are to make one nation and be the subjects of one king.

Another passage which is pressed into the support of the authority of the Book of Mormon is Revelation xiv. 6, 7:—"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

Mr. Orson Pratt inquires, "In what way does Joseph Smith declare that a dispensation of the gospel was committed unto him? He testifies that an angel of God whose name was Moroni appeared unto him, that this angel was formerly an ancient prophet among a remnant of the tribe of Joseph on the continent of America. He testifies that Moroni revealed to him where he deposited the sacred records of his nation some fourteen hundred years ago, that these records contained the 'everlasting gospel,' as it was anciently taught and recorded by this branch of Israel. He gave Mr. Smith power to reveal the contents of those records to the nations of the earth. Now, how does this testimony of Joseph Smith agree with the book of St. John's prophecy on the isle of Patmos? St. John testifies that when the dispensation of the gospel is again committed to the nations, it shall be through the medium of an angel from heaven. Joseph Smith testifies that a dispensation of the gospel for all nations has been committed to him by an angel. The one uttered the prediction, the other testifies its

fulfilment. St. John testifies that when the everlasting gospel is restored to the earth, it shall be by an angel. Smith testifies that it was restored by an angel, and in no other way." ("Divine Authority," page 4.)

Such is Mr. Orson Pratt's application of this passage of Scripture, but that no support can be derived from it is plain from the following considerations. The angel that appeared to St. John was seen "to fly in the midst of heaven." His mission was to preach the gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people; he conveyed a distinct message to men with a loud voice, so that all might hear. The angel that Smith pretended appeared to him preached not at all, but only discovered the plates; neither did he fly in the heavens, but stood on the earth, and so far from addressing every nation and people in a loud voice, he only addressed Smith, when he spoke so low that none but Smith could hear him; and, instead of having a special message to mankind, he only made known to one individual the place where the plates were lodged. The mission of the angel seen by John in a vision was, therefore, very different from the mission of the angels that Smith wickedly states appeared to him.

If the Book of Mormon is the Word of God, why does not apostle Pratt produce the same kind of evidence in support of its claims as can be furnished in defence of the Bible, proofs of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of which are as plain and abundant as the marks of fraud and imposture in the Book of Mormon? Can those who defend it prove that Nephi, Helaman, Ether, and Moroni wrote the books that are ascribed to them? Where is the history that will inform us of their existence at the time it is pretended they lived and wrote? Where is the testimony of contemporaneous friends or foes, to the genuineness of the books that go by their names? The evidence of both friends and foes can be furnished in support of the genuineness of the books of Scripture, proving that they were written by those whose names they bear.

Again, why does not Mr. Pratt prove the authenticity of the Book of Mormon? It is true he has written a series of pamphlets, which he has entitled "The Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon;" but he does not even attempt to authenticate a single statement contained in it. Nephi tells us that when Christ was crucified, darkness overspread the land for three days; "the inhabitants of the land could feel the vapour of darkness, and there could be no light because of the darkness, neither candles nor torches, neither could there be a fire kindled; and there was not any light, neither fire, neither the sun, the moon, or the stars; and it came to pass that for the space of three days there was no light seen, and there was howling, and mourning, and weeping among the people." (Book of Mormon, p. 451.) If this really occurred, surely somebody would have recorded it besides Nephi on his plates. If Mr. Pratt can produce evidence that will authenticate this and other statements contained in his book, it will do more towards establishing its claims than all the false reasoning he employs, and the bold and impudent assertions he makes.

How different is it with the facts of Scripture! Heathen, as well as Christian writers, bear testimony to their truthfulness. Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny, three Roman writers, distinctly admit that there was such a person as Christ, who was crucified by the Jews, and that it was reported he rose again. Celsus gives an account of the murder of the infants by Herod, and the darkness that overspread the land of Palestine at

* One of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church.

the hour of the crucifixion of Christ. Eusebius states that there were, in his day, the records of the trial and condemnation of Christ in the archives of Rome, and accessible to all. The hostile writers Celsus and Porphyry, in the second and third centuries, quote from the New Testament facts they do not dispute.

It is this kind of evidence only that will prove the genuineness and authenticity of the Book of Mormon; and until it is produced we must regard Smith and his confederates as impudently attempting to palm upon mankind one of the most stupid and blasphemous forgeries that has yet been offered for reception.

A SEA STORY.

It was the fall of the year, and the sombre hand of the autumn softly had deck'd the woods in the crimson, orange, and russet; fading hues that the painter loves in the trees of the forest. Mellow sank down the evening after the calmness of noon tide; dry and mild was the air as it floated over the corn-fields, waving gently the dead leaves, thinning the foliage about them; hazy and moist were the mornings, and dripping wet were the woodlands, and through the tufted grass-stems wander'd the webs of the spiders, heavy and dank with the drops of dew that tassell'd them over. Autumn it was, in a word, and scarce a lovelier season ever had come and gone o'er the peaceful vales of old Devon, rich in the wealth of its stacks of wheat, and hay-ricks and clover. Such an evening it was as England's autumn can show you, cool and fresh to the feelings, and calm and clear to the eyesight. Like a sphere of vermilion the sun, the more he descended, seem'd to increase in size, till sinking behind the horizon, sharp defining the land-line, he vanish'd away till the morning. Mute were the shades of woodland, save that alone on some tree-top, warbling, the sweet-voiced robin sang in the echoes of evening, seeming yet sweeter still because he alone was the singer. Mellow appear'd the fields so lately turn'd up by the ploughman, and an earthy odour rose to the sense of the passer, whilst the dark brown soil 'neath his footsteps was yielding all over.

On the side of a hill commanding a view of the ocean, stretching far away to a blue and invisible distance, with a flock spot of white here and there (the sail of some vessel, too far off to be seen except by its light gleaming canvas), stood a fisherman's cottage, tidy and trim though but humble, bearing plainly the marks of thrift and the presence of woman. Neatly kept was the garden, although the winds of the sea-shore kept the trees from thriving as those do that flourish more inland; yet they were so far pruned as not to look gnarl'd and eccentric. Much the same was the inside. The furniture, though it was scanty, fashion'd in years gone by, yet shone with the polish of hard work; and the well-wash'd curtains still gladden'd the eyes that look'd on them. So much beauty has order, albeit lavish'd on small things. There was the pipe-clay'd hearth, and the side-bricks colour'd with red-lead,

whilst the hobs and the bars were as black-lead could make them: Not a coal nor a burnt-stick sullied the breadth of the hearth-stone, brush'd up as soon as fall'n by the whisk that stood in the corner; Table and chairs of deal, and white with perpetual scouring, stood in the neatest order around the walls of the cottage; And a few small deal shelves, by a scarlet ribbon suspended, hung on the fire-side wall, supporting a few old but choice books. First came the well-worn Bible, biggest and best of all books; Pond'rous and ancient it was, with many a quaint initial, printed on thick, rough paper, and such as is not seen in our time, And on the fly-leaf appeared a name and date long forgotten. Then came a "Pilgrim's Progress," fresh from the pen of John Bunyan. No foot-notes were there seen, and no editorial comments; But all in broad, black type, with the few original woodcuts, worth its weight in gold to the true collector of old books. Next was the "Saint's Rest" of Baxter, almost as scarce and as old too; And then a mingled assemblage of tracts and tales of the ocean, made up the small sum total, albeit a life's long collection. These were the objects inanimate, and calmly they told of Those who had carefully tended and placed them in order Just as the hands of a clock tell of the workings within it.

Seated beside the window, a part of which had been open'd, through which the fresh sea-breeze came with a rush and a murmur, Mary, the helpmeet of Jasper Wilson, sat at her sewing. Doffly the needle was plied, and with that certain precision found where the head and the hand are ever working in concert. Calmness reign'd in those features, it gave repose to behold them; Sweet and placid it was, the perpetual smile of contentment, Not with the things of earth, so much as the prospect of heaven.

Poor was Jasper Wilson; hardly he earned a subsistence, As in his clumsy cobbles he braved the waves of the ocean, Miles upon miles away from his home on the heaving billows. Sometimes the summer moon would look mildly down on his labours; But, oft 'neath a starless sky, with the howling waves all around him, Jasper would toil all night and perhaps might have taken nothing. Cheerful and trustful always he was, and never seem'd cast down, Though with a heavy heart he would turn away from the market, Where his stall was vacant, because he had nothing to offer. Still, I say, he was trustful: but labour of mind and body Weakens the staunchest spirit, when want is added to labour: And so with Jasper often it was, and not with him only, Mary oft felt it too; for, though to the uttermost farthing All that he earn'd he brought her, still were his earnings precarious, And the gains of a night had to last for many a long day. Then would there come a catch, a haul, as the fisherman's phrase goes, And oh! what thankful hearts did they then lift up to their Maker, Even as trusting and patient they waited under misfortune; True philosophers they, and taught by no art or refinement, For they had sought and found in their prayers the true consolation, Fortitude under trial, thankfulness when they had well sped.

But a time was at hand of sore and perilous trouble, And need had husband and wife of all religion had taught them; Albeit their trust in God waited not for time of affliction.

Cold and dreary weather had long suspended the fishing, Times were harder than usual, sore was the trial of patience, Testing the mental metal, as well as the body's endurance; Then, when the weather changed, it seem'd that good times were no nearer, As if the fish had taken for good and all their departure. And this was harder to bear; for gloom and cold were in keeping With cold and desolate hearths and frames that well-nigh were famish'd. Then (in despair, as it seem'd) after many a prayer and "God bless you," Forth went Jasper once more; but not now alone was his venture, For all the colony shared the same dark frownings of fortune, Albeit borne in a way that differ'd as much as their features. There was the scowling brow that cover'd a heart, ah! how thankless; Less than thankless it was, nay, even how full of complaining, Vented in murmurs low, or blasphemies shocking to think of. This was the rougher sort, who made but a use of the sunshine To spend their hard-earned gains in the tainted air of the ale-house. Then there were others on whom hard times made no less impression; Whilst keeping their thoughts, they made a more decent appearance, Though in their secret souls ingratitude away'd them as others. Then came the few, ah! how few, with Jasper Wilson among them, Who neither in thought nor look were guilty of any repinings, Suffering bravely the worst, and hoping still for the better.

It was the evening I spoke of, Mary sat still at her sewing, Calm and resign'd as ever, and trusting still in her Maker, Though they had nothing left but the house and the few things within it And e'en the pangs of hunger had not of late been uncommon; But hers was the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Deep in thought she was, and her soul was wrapt in a vision, Wafted to far-off shores, the land of the bless'd and departed, Where there shall be no sorrow, and time shall no more have existence.

Suddenly on the air came the warning sound of a tempest, Breaking the hitherto calm and unruffled face of the landscape. Dark clouds gathered apace, and fitful gusts swept before them Flying patches of mist, that seem'd to unite, and in masses Shut out the clear warm light that lately had reign'd undisputed.

Mary became aware that something unusual was stirring, And, lifting her head, gazed forth on the changing face of the sea-view, Looking angry and dark, like the vapours that floated above it. Paler, more thoughtful she look'd, as sights and sounds were increasing, Showing the coming, 'ere long, of a swift and terrible tempest. Then came the thought of those who were far away on the waters, Foremost the thought of him whose welfare she prized above all things. Fear and prayer were mingled—for even the bravest might tremble—Feeling how pow'rless he was 'mid the sights and sounds around him. Others there were whose hearts were failing for sorrow and terror, Stricken as though by a blast, and simply distress'd and bewild'rd, But with meaningless words seeking the help that they needed, Asking the Lord for mercy, knowing not whom they were asking.

Direfully rag'd the tempest; starless and howling the night was, And many a midnight lamp twinkled from many a window, Showing deserted couches; cabins themselves too deserted. Fer, down on the rocky shore, in spite of the spray, and the torrents Of rain that flew in sheets, like the waterfall from the mountains, Groups of the aged men, with the women and children around them, Cower'd beneath the rocks, and strain'd their eyes in the darkness, Vainly striving to see and hear, mid the din of the billows. Thus pass'd the weary night, a night, oh! how long remember'd; Drench'd with the briny flood, yet still unconscious, unflinching, Through the long hours of darkness, there they were crowded together. Sometimes they sought their homes, forced by fatigue and discomfort; Then they would come again, and again stand list'ning and watching,

Then, at last, came the light; how long it seemed in the coming!
But when it came it broke on a cold and dreary prospect.
True, the wind had fall'n; but, like a violent passion
Which shakes the human frame, it calms not down in a moment;
So the water was rolling in mighty waves on the sea-shore.
Vainly seaward they look'd; the cold keen air of the morning
Fill'd their eyes with water, when most they wish'd to see clearly.
Wearily still they gazed; as far as the eyesight could travel,
Nothing else could be seen but the waves and the sky above them.
Then, with hearts that were breaking, and footsteps and eyelids heavy,
Slowly they wander'd along to the cold and silent village.
Hours and days pass'd away, as time will still travel onward,
Though all we treasure on earth, in that earth or ocean lie buried;
And, save a drifted boat, that was cast in the night on the shingle,
Nothing was seen or heard of the mourn'd and the missing seamen.
Then the weather cleared up and became both calmer and finer,
And mellowly shone the sun on a scene of weeping and wailing.
There were wives and children whose husbands and fathers return'd not.
There were fathers and mothers calling in vain on their children.

Mary, ah where was she, and how had she pass'd through the trial?
Calm as she ever was, and through it all kept and supported
By that beneficent hand that never forsakes them that trust Him.
But, as the days went on, and nothing was heard of the missing,
Gradually resignation seem'd yielding to blank desolation.
True, she had many friends: by all she was loved and respected;
But, if Jasper was lost, the nearest and last tie was sever'd,
And, save her heavenly Father, whose presence she ever felt near her,
So far as earth was concern'd, she was alone on its surface.
Others had ties to live for—brothers, and sisters, and mothers;
Other sons and daughters who yielded them no less affection.
Yet, like Egypt of old, when the tribes of Israel departed,
There was a piercing cry disturbing the still of the midnight,
For there was not a house where there was not one they deem'd dead.
Theirs was a noisy sorrow, for, with the many, 'twas bounded
By this circle of earth, and earth could give them no comfort.
But, like the raging tempest, that only lasts for a season,
Where it was keenest and loudest, there it soonest was over.
Not so with Mary Wilson; trust in her Maker had taught her
Deep resignation and patience; therefore she suffer'd in silence:
And, as she sat, like a spectre, with rigid brow, on the sea-shore,
Others forgot their sorrow in the great example before them,
And many an aged seaman would doff his hat as he pass'd her.
Still there was light in that heart, hopeless and dim as the eye seem'd;
For she held deep communion with Him who seeth in secret.

Thus she sat one day; an elder, in pity, sat near her,
Giving such comfort as might be, under her sore affliction.
Little she seem'd to heed him; yet now and then would a smile come,
Meaning that she was grateful, though she was hopeless in this world.
Mingled thoughts of Jasper and that invisible haven,
Where neither tempest nor sorrow disturb the peace of the blessed,
Fill'd her mind with a waking dream: and so she sat thinking,
Till a sound behind her, all at once, roused her attention.
(Shortly before she had thought she heard the sound in the distance
As of a landing boat, with the murmurs of many voices;
But she so oft had listen'd and fancied she heard the like sounds,
That when they really came she set it down to her fancy.)
But now there came the sound of feet, and subdued exclamations,
And then she seem'd in the midst of shades from the land of spirits;
But the reality came, and with it the blissful assurance
That she was held in the warm embrace of Jasper her husband;
Every soul had returned, and not a sailor was missing.

Then came questions and answers. Simple enough was the story:—
Driven before the tempest, they found in the harbours of Scilly
Safety and rescue from death; but with vessels terribly shatter'd,
So that it took the whole time from that to this to refit them,
And they could find no means to send a word of their safety.
But they had found great kindness, and every one help'd in their trouble,
And they went on their way again, laden with friendly tokens.
Passing their well-known fishing-ground, a net cast at a venture
Had brought a return so rich that many another follow'd;
And thus the tide of fortune seem'd turning now in their favour;
For they had fill'd their craft, and scarcely stopp'd in the catching.

That was a happy evening: many a "Thank God" was utter'd;
And then, perhaps, if ever, from hearts that were truly grateful.
But, in the general gladness, there was one dwelling above all
Whence there arose to Heaven such pure and earnest thanksgivings,
That not the noblest monarch, with all the world's blessings around him,
But might have envied the lot of Jasper and Mary Wilson.
Many a year has pass'd, but still is preserved the tradition,
Though almost ev'ry actor has long since slept with his fathers;
And, if you visit the spot, you still may meet with an old man,
Who can point out the cottage occupied once by the Wilsons;
Then he will lead you away, beneath the cliffs, to the churchyard,
Where, in the certain hope of the last great day's resurrection,
Sleeping in peace, side by side, lie Mary and Jasper her husband.

O. S. R.

Varieties.

COAL RESERVES.—In the debated question of the limits of our coal supply, Mr. Jevons, who has been regarded as the alarmist on the subject, complains that his views have been misrepresented. He denies having given countenance to the idea of the coal being worked out "in a hundred years, or any such period." The seams of coal may be worked even beyond 4000 feet in depth, "the question being entirely one of cost."

CHEERFUL PIETY.—Cheerfulness, that compound of many excellencies, comparable unto "the powders of the merchant," may scarcely claim to be called a virtue; but it is the friend and helper of all good graces, and the absence of it is certainly a vice. If cheerfulness be not health, assuredly melancholy is disease. Practically, cheerfulness occupies a very high position, and without it the Christian labourer is destitute of a very considerable element of strength. Cheerfulness sharpens the edge and removes the rust from the mind. A joyous heart supplies oil to our inward machinery, and makes the whole of our powers work with ease and efficiency; hence it is of the utmost importance that we maintain a contented, cheerful, genial disposition. The longer I am engaged in my Master's service, the more am I confident that the joy of the Lord is and must be our strength, and that discontent and moroseness are fatal to usefulness. With all my heart would I say to my fellow-servants, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," not only for your own sakes, but for the sake of the work which is so dear to you. Whoever may advocate dreary dullness, I cannot and dare not do otherwise than impeach it as an enemy of true religion.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

SENSE OR SCENT.—Reading an anecdote in the "Leisure Hour," No. 771, p. 638, where it is stated that a dog "in pursuit of his master came to a place where three roads branched off; the dog ran down one road and carefully scented the earth, then ran down the second road and carefully scented that. Without further hesitation he rapidly took the third road, and accomplished his purpose. The argument in the dog's mind was as follows:—"My master, I perceive, when he came to these forks, did not take either of the two roads I examined, therefore he must have taken the third." Thus he afforded an example of absolute induction, the highest effort of the reasoning powers." It struck me that, wise as the dog's proceedings seemed, they perhaps might be explained in the following way: the dog, scenting the two first roads, showed that he was seeking the right scent, but, coming to the third road, his olfactory nerves immediately informed him that was the way his master had taken. In this case it would be not an instance of reason, but of keen scent.

T. R.

[Query.—Did the dog run rapidly at once down the third road, or did he first scent with head down as before?]

HUGH MILLER'S FIRST LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.—The introduction of the modern boy to the overcoming facts of astronomy is almost invariably an epoch opened in his life. We remember our own small initiation well. It was through the medium of Chalmers's Astronomical Discourses prematurely read. We had been somewhat prepared for them by a good father's all too-inadequate lessons. But the terrible hold that the great preacher's revolving career of explication took upon our youthful mind can never be forgotten. Like a rushing wind, it sucked us up the welkin in a state of intellectual intoxication. We were made drunk with the joy of new images, new fears, new hopes, without end; and all this while lying on the floor of an empty room. One summer evening soon afterwards we had been playing long and lustily at "Hie spy," and when our companions had retired to their beds we lay down on our back in an empty cart opposite the house. The city of God had come out unawares. There were the abysses full of stars, many-sized and many-coloured, stretching from before us, with beginning but with no end, with ponderous speed that made one dizzy to think of it, with splendour that immense distance alone rendered endurable—and all swathed in that fathomless, billowless, speechless light! Morbidly feeling ourselves drawn towards the centre of the earth by gravitation, we could not move till a sudden panic of awe drove us home in terror. The punctual house-mother had been taking tea at a neighbour's, but had just returned in time for family worship. We rushed to her knees, and, kneeling unbid to say our prayers at her feet, could not find a word to say, but burst into a passion of tears, hiding our head with sobs in the warm lap. That hour of feeling had its share in shaping our life.